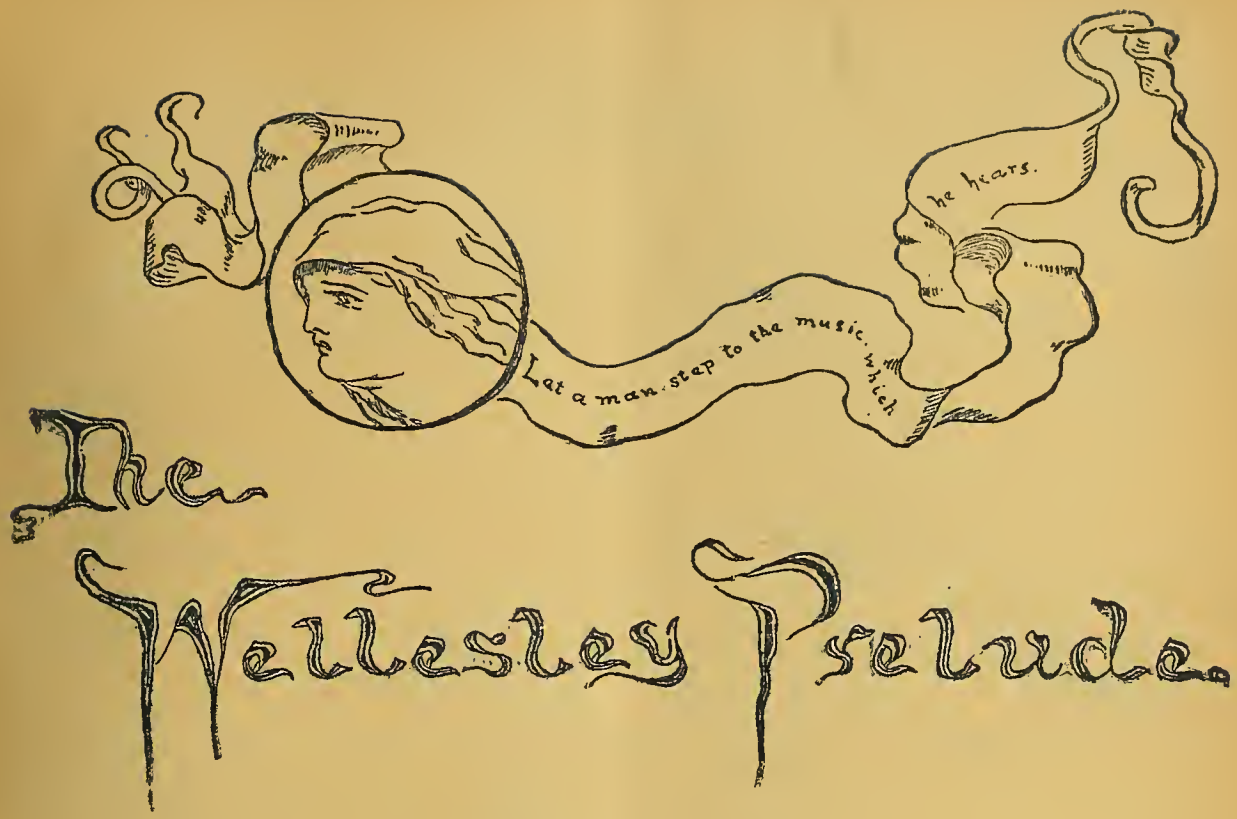

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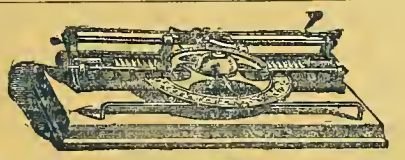

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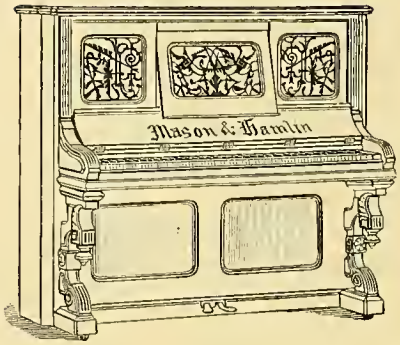

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

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ONE of the promising signs of the times,—Wellesley times, that is,—is the existence of several flourishing political clubs among the under-class girls. It augurs well for the coming generation of Juniors and Seniors. The existence of such clubs in College is an evidence of the much needed spirit of wide-awake interest in the world outside our own narrow walls. The absence of such interest is often deplored by college people and emphasized by those who do not look with favor on college training as equipment for life. College students, as a rule, men or women, know little about politics. If the lack of vital interest is observable among college men, it is even more marked in the case of college women. For the fact has not yet been proven to the world that women can be really interested in the subject which in the past has been so universally characterized by them as "dry." But the real life of the two Simpson political clubs, and the Cottage Street club, shows the interest of some Wellesley girls, at least. The Simpson clubs number about nine each: the other is larger, having a membership of about twenty. They are not a recent development, but were started soon after New Year's and have been growing steadily ever since. They have lived long enough to prove that they do not become a bore after a few meetings. Enthusiasm has not failed. The Simpson clubs meet twice a week, for three quarters of an hour after dinner. Two members present the subject of the evening, often in the form of a debate. Informal discussion follows. Familiarity with the great questions of politics, as the tariff, woman's suffrage, and the Irish question, is advantageous to the members of the club individually, and to the spirit of the College in general.

The recent decision of the Board of Trustees of Harvard on the proposed three years' course was an event of unusual interest to the college world,—to the whole educational world, in fact. It is not a question pertaining to Harvard alone, for, since Harvard is unquestionably one of our leading colleges, its attitude is important in regard to colleges in general. The real position of the college in the scheme of education is still to be decided in the discussion now so general on the re-organization of higher education in America. The discrimination of the college and the university is perhaps the first step; they are not the same, and the confusion of titles is the first error to be corrected. The plan of the three years' course at Harvard bears directly on this subject. Such a course, especially since it is proposed principally for the benefit of those students who are to enter the professional schools, makes more prominent the real university department of Harvard, and the College proper, or preparation for the University, becomes subordinate in importance. Whether

Harvard is to be a college or university in the days of reorganized education may depend directly on the adoption of the proposed three years' course; and upon the position of Harvard as a university depends the continuance of its preëminence throughout the country. For if it is distinctively a college, it must compete for preference with the many western institutions that have sprung up into active life since its day. Harvard could ill afford to lose its proportion of western students. The proposed movement, therefore, looks forward to the time when the present discussion shall be settled and, as a University, Harvard shall keep its preëminence in the new system of education.

Prof. Schurman's "The Ideal College Course" in the February ANDOVER REVIEW is particularly interesting and suggestive at this time, when the position of the college in education is being more clearly defined. Regarding college as a period of preparation, either for work in the professional schools, or for active life, the work done should be such as to train the man in every way. Such work Prof. Schurman has mapped out; the Classics, for a background, or foundation; Mathematics, to serve as the portal to all the other sciences; Literature, for the knowledge of English in its growth, etc. All this is required work; in quality, such as is best fitted for the most thorough training of the man; in quantity, enough to fill the four years' time without electives. But the writer says that boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty, or seventeen and twenty-one, are not the best judges of what they should study. This plan is opposed to the popular elective system, which is the outgrowth of the modern tendency toward specialization. But the value of specialization depends on good general training, the importance of which must not be lost sight of in eagerness to gain the other good. Prof. Schurman's course is a thorough one, well calculated to accomplish its end; but whether or not it is the ideal, is still an open question.

The free expression of opinion between the members of the Faculty and the students has been a noticeable feature in the discussion of the matter which has claimed much of the attention of the College for several weeks. Such interchange of opinion between the two bodies that make up the College is wholesome and valuable for both. Both have the good of the College closely at heart, and the ideal of government held by each is practically the same. Any question, viewed in the double light of these two standpoints, will be more satisfactorily discussed and settled. It cannot but sometimes happen that the two bodies making up College society disagree. Their points of view are necessarily different: and the students, perhaps, are under the disadvantage of never being quite able to put themselves in the position of the Faculty. Yet frank disagreement and mutual explanation must tend toward the happy result of mutual understanding and confidence. Such a relation between the two classes of College members is the ideal; but its practicality has been proven in particular cases and seems not the less true in general. The Brunonian, of April 11, has an article, "A College Conference," which deals with this fact of the advisability of very general College discussion between professors and students, for the good of both and of the College. The writer says:

"There is still another way by which mutual good feelings can be greatly increased, and that is by an occasional conference of professors and students to talk over the position of the college in certain respects, and other matters of interest to all. The importance of this cannot be too highly regarded, and we notice that recently several colleges have held just such conferences, notably at Harvard. On President Eliot's return from his western trip the college was called together, and he told the students of the status of Harvard's interests in the west and other matters relating to his extended trip.

Such a talk to the students must be of benefit both to the faculty and to the student body. It informs the college with regard to affairs in general, awakens an interest and provokes a discussion as to the means of upbuilding the college in every particular. Of course there are many subjects which it would be impossible and unadvisable to discuss in a conference between faculty and students, and yet there are several which can well be brought forward in such a meeting. The students of a college as a general

thing are greatly interested in questions of college policy and advancement. They watch most carefully the record and possibilities of their athletics, in base ball, and in a variety of matters. Now, if occasionally general matters of college standing and the like were discussed in a college conference of professors and students, this interest could unquestionably be increased, the general good feeling between the 'two classes of college society' would be greatly helped and the interests of the college would be furthered as a result."

CRAZY LIZZY, SPIDER, AND PAP WILLIAMS.

Pap Williams lived in a mysterious, three-roomed old cabin in the "negro-berg" of a large city, "jis' on de right side ob Mason's and Dixon's line," as he himself said. His sister, Crazy Lizzy, and his granddaughter Spider lived with him.

Old Pap did not know his own age "'zactly, but reckined it's mighty nigh 'bout a hunnerd an' fo' ye'rs." He looked it, fully, with that kinky, crinkled, white beard, with those rusty, wrinkled boots, (the dust in the wrinkles could probably have told many a tale,) and that wrinkled, sad-looking silk hat that resembled the elbow of a rusty stove-pipe. Pap Williams always left one with a vague impression of rust and wrinkles.

"I'se Marse Phil's body-sarvant 'bout fifty ye'rs, den arter de fall ob Richmon', I comed up dar to Lu'sville with my Jully Ann, whar was called for her ole Miss, Marse Phil's wife, an' wid Lizbeth. We stay dar 'bout fo'teen ye'rs, an' den comed up a heah, an' we bin livin' in dis heah manshun," (this with a comprehensive sweep of his old, bony hands,) "eber sence. I buy dis 'state wid my own bank-'count." Here he would chuckle and shrug the old, round, bent-over shoulders. "Spidah, she bornd heah; Spidah! dat you, Spidah? Come heah, chile, bring you' ole gran'-pap he go'den-haided cane; I'se got bizness to 'ten to, I ain't got no time for projickin' wid poah fo'kes an' niggers." Then he would hobble away, the most crinkled and kinky of old darkies!

Spider,—the very word fills me, even now, with recollections of painful and pleasant possibilities,—Spider was as pugnacious and belligerent a little darky, as ever caused uneasiness to the heart of a white child. Her chief characteristic was wiriness. She fairly bristled with little braids of hair, bound around tightly with black shoe-thread, and sticking out all over her well-shaped head. Spider's Sunday afternoons were devoted to the fixing of her hair, or rather wool, and week-days,—well, it just stuck out week-days. Her head looked as if she had divided it off into parallelograms, and from the centre of each of those geometrical figures, plainly marked by lines of clean, yellow scalp, shot forth a little, bristling, tight-bound bit of wool. Sparkling eyes, fiery and black, rolling about effectively at the will of the owner, dazzlingly white teeth, and a malicious smile, a scant but clean slip of purple and black calico, allowing the bony legs full play—can you not see this wiry little Spider?

Tom and I enjoyed nothing more than working this little vixen into a fever of rage. Many a day, after school hours, we planned "to get Spider after us," and this "getting Spider after us" was productive at once of pleasure, pain, and mortification. Her favorite amusement was rolling a hoop about twice as high as herself, and all we had to do "to get Spider after us" was to interrupt the course of this cherished hoop. Then she simply took fire, with smoke, flames, sparks and heat, and was after us in a hurry. She would chase us for squares, hurling at our heads every insulting and contemptuous word her by no means small vocabulary afforded, a vocabulary which the excitement of the moment probably enlarged. When words gave out, stones and mud answered the purpose still better. To confess the truth, Spider almost always caught Tom and me, and when she did, we had all we could do to keep that little Spider at bay. Sometimes, when we were not thinking of or suspecting her presence, she would run up behind us, administer a rousing slap, not on one, but on each cheek, and be off before we could turn around, only to see her in the safe distance, rolling her eyes, and shaking her fists. Sometimes she would pass us on the street, with head up, and nose in the air, muttering something about "poah white trash." Oh, the dignity, hauteur, and disdain assumed by that little Spider, on occasions!

Still, there were times when there was a truce to our war-fare, and at such times, we ventured within the bounds of Pap's estate. On the "manshun," a poorly-painted sign announced to passers-by that lace curtains were "cheeply and nicly dun up." This sign, with these characters inscribed, was the handiwork of Spider, several years ago; since that had been completed, she had become quite an orthographer. It was nailed to the front of the cabin at the suggestion of Lizbeth, or Crazy Lizzy as she was commonly known. She kept house for her old brother and her grandniece, Spider; a silent, sad woman, with a vacant, dazed, and troubled look upon the kindly face, once handsome.

The other negroes in the "berg" said Crazy Lizzy "hooh-dooed" them. What this meant, Tom and I never found out, though we did everything we could think of to call forth a manifestation upon ourselves of Lizbeth's occult powers. I do not believe now that she knew what "hooh-dooing" meant any more than Tom and I did. At all events, when our old, black Sally burned or scorched anything, or when the milk was sour, she always met "Mistis" with the excuse, "Crazy Lizzy must a gone an' hooh-dooed me, Miss, shore 'nough." Thereupon black Sally would walk about the kitchen, and from the kitchen out to the stables, sprinkling salt and corn-meal as she went, muttering some incantation about green grass and bull's eyes, all antidotes for poor, unoffending, unsuspecting Lizbeth.

Lizbeth's life was a sad story. Marse Phil and Miss Jully Ann had owned her, and she was Miss Jully Ann's "private an' pusnell propalitee;" she "jis' staid 'bout Miss Jully Ann's room to comb dem bewful hairs o' hern, and git out Miss Jully's frocks, an' smove an' put 'em 'way 'gin, when Miss Jully dun git fro' wid 'em." Lizbeth had been a handsome mulatto girl, and was known on the plantation as "Miss Jully Ann's bewful Spanish maid." She was proud, lofty, a queenly, stately-looking woman, and in her graceful, dignified and imperious bearing toward the other negroes, she unconsciously told another story of deceit, injustice and helpless wrong similar to her own.

In the despair and anguish of a noble, upright and moral character, she wandered out alone one dark night and threw herself into the silent stream skirting Marse Phil's plantation. Her rightful lover, faithfully dogging her steps, and fearing lest the proud woman should kill herself, dragged to the banks her almost lifeless body. Through a long and delirious fever, Miss Jully Ann tended Lizbeth, faithfully and lovingly. She lived, but only to pass a life, dazed, crushed, and stunned.

Day after day, silently she toiled, "doing up" lace curtains, washing and cooking for old Pap Williams and Spider. She scarcely ever spoke, but she always served with devotion and tenderness, pathetic and appealing. Spider, religion, and work were the only joys in her saddened life. Relugarly in all weathers, Lizbeth and Spider plodded to meetin'. The negroes at the little church were afraid of her. Lizbeth never spoke to, looked at, or noticed, any one of them.

* * * * * * *

It was three o'clock on a cold, December morning. A candle burned dimly on a table in one corner of the old, three-roomed, mysterious cabin in the "negro-berg." Near the table was a bed, with few covers, but clean. The wind howled, and gusts of cold air rushed down through the chimney partially stuffed with an old, worn piece of carpet.

Lizbeth lay in the bed. Spider, cowed and anguish-stricken by her first sorrow, kneeled by the bed-side, swaying to and fro.

Lizbeth prayed; the wind moaned; Spider sobbed.

With the paleness of death upon her face, Lizbeth looked fair as Miss Jully Ann.

E. H. F., '93.

UNCLE HENRY'S OBSTINACY.

It was a drowsy morning in June in a quiet New England village. The long main street with its straggling groups of weather-beaten, old-fashioned houses, was apparently as drowsy and peaceful as the morning atmosphere. Here and there, at proper and dignified distances from the other dwellings, were two or three white-painted houses a little more pretentious than the rest, the homes of Deacon Stebbins, Brother Josiah Miller, and other village worthies. A little further up the

street, at the foot of the steep hill and within the shade of a maple grove, stood the house of Uncle Henry Miller, as he was familiarly called by all the neighborhood. It was a quaint, one-story frame building, with a slanting roof, a roof so steep that I often wondered when a child if I should not soon be tall enough to touch the low, over-hanging eaves. I question if there had been any changes in the little village or in this rural home during the past fifty years. The same gnarled apple trees stood at the rear of the house, the same yellow tiger-lilies at the front door close by the large flat stone door-step, which had sunk at one end and tipped to an alarming degree. The same families vegitated here in the peaceful shades of the Green Mountains. It is true that death had often visited these retired nooks, and that the younger generation had migrated to the great world, but the older people, the fathers and mothers, still remained in this by-place of Nature, undisturbed by the rush of passing events.

Within the low-ceiled kitchen, Uncle Henry sat reading the Bible at morning devotions, as had been his custom for many years. He conscientously read three chapters each morning. Beginning at Genesis, he would religiously read through to Revelation. Beginning again and omitting nothing, he would read the prescribed three chapters as before. This morning no sound disturbed him but the purring of the old black and yellow cat, as she lay contentedly on the calico cushion in the big rocking-chair, dreaming possibly of future conquests of mice, while she occasionally pulled at the cushion with her claws in the ecstasy of her enjoyment.

Aunt Maria sat opposite in one of the decorous wooden chairs. She seemed uneasy, for she involuntarily put her feet on the lower rung of the chair, though really she had a horror of people wearing off the paint. At last she rose from her chair and stepped to the woodshed, where she might have been heard tapping her snuff-box. As she came in, Uncle Henry noticed her return and said: "It seems to me Maria, you are gitting pretty peart, for you're allus hopping up and not listening."

This "peartness" was not so very strange, as Aunt Maria had not heard a sound for over forty years, having completely lost her hearing in early womanhood from the effects of scarlet fever. As is frequently the case with people who have lost the use of one of the senses, the others had become preternaturally sharpened by the extra work required of them; she had learned with wonderful skill and quickness to read the lips of a person, either reading or speaking, and she had been reading Uncle Henry's speech for nearly half a century, so she quickly understood him.

"Now Pa," she replied, "You was reading in Chronicles about the generations of Noah and David, and I wanted to see if the old yellow hen had laid an egg so I could make up the dozen, and could get some tea down to the store, but that old hen is just like all the Millers, stubborn, and won't lay until she gits ready."

This illusion to the obstinacy of the Millers Uncle Henry pretended to ignore, and seemed somewhat mollified at the fact of her knowing he had been reading in Chronicles. Aunt Maria's spiritual condition had been a source of uneasiness to him for many years, but as she always knew what he had been praying for, his suspicions were easily allayed. Her knowledge of the purport of his prayer was accounted for by this: "Pa," she said, "always prayed for Abigail, his first wife, Janet his second, Carter, John, Lizzie and Jennie," and so on through the host of children of his former wives; and as "Pa" was pretty powerful in prayer she guessed he would make it all right for her, though he was so stubborn that he would not mention her with the others.

Uncle Henry was a nonagenarian, tall and angular, with snowy beard and hair, and withal having the fresh, ruddy complexion seldom seen except among people who lead a quiet, animal existence. He probably never had hurried in all his life, and never had been moved by any of his domestic tragedies, the loss of wives and children, and was entirely oblivious of the busy concerns of the outside world. He keenly enjoyed the pleasures of the table, and since Aunt Maria was an excellent cook, possessed of all the New England skill in that direction, I strongly suspect Uncle Henry had an eye to these admirable house-keeping qualities in his wooing of her, after the demise of the afore-named Janet.

Even at this extreme old age, I do not think that he had lost any of his mental powers; he had never possessed more than a few common-place instincts, and these he still retained. Among them Aunt Maria counted mulish obstinacy as the prevailing characteristic. She took infinite pleasure however in ministering to his wants, especially in concocting some delicacy for the delight of his palate.

He was indeed a picture of well-fed contentment, with his placid smile and slow, phlegmatic movements and he was usually dressed in a suit of blue frocking which set off his rosy complexion to admirable advantage. What he most delighted in was to keep some article while others were vainly searching for it, and then remain calmly unconscious of the commotion he was causing. On one occasion he kept from Aunt Maria the little stock of money they had for their daily expenses. She needed a barrel of flour, and pleaded and expostulated with him to give it up.

Deacon Stebbins was called in to remonstrate with "Pa," who became more obdurate than before and declared with sly cunning, "twan't right for Maria to spend money for jim-cracks, and 'twas high time Maria understood he was going to rule in his own house."

Years had taught Aunt Maria discretion, aud if she could not gain the fortress by force, she might secure it by siege or strategy. The supply of flour soon dwindled away, and she did not replenish by borrowing, but simply ceased placing any pastry upon the table. He had reckoned without his host, and to forego the pleasure of gormandizing was more than he could endure. For the first time in all his life, he presented a flag of truce, and handed over the money.

The summer deepened into late autumn after the June morning when Uncle Henry had chided Aunt Maria for her "peartness," and the snow of early winter had fallen. Uncle Henry was failing physically, although he still ate with as much relish as before. One morning when it was quite cold, being impressed with the comfort of the warm bed, he told Aunt Maria to go and milk the cow.

She readily assented, but as a parting injunction said: "Now, Pa, you must stay right in bed and not get up till I come back, 'taint likely I'll be gone long."

Aunt Maria milked the cow, and as the ancient yellow hen had performed her duty that morning and laid an egg, as had the younger generation of pullets, which had not the proverbial Miller stubborness, she concluded with these added numbers to go to the village store and replenish her sup[illegible] of snuff, and mentally adding, "I guess Pa will be all right."

But she was gone somewhat longer than she had anticipated, and upon her return found that Uncle Henry had risen and attempted to go to the barn, had slipped upon the icy steps in the wood-shed, and had lain there for some time. Although unhurt, he had been unable to manage his awkward limbs sufficiently to rise without assistance.

While helping him to his feet she scolded him vigorously, "Pa, if I had told you to git up while I was away you would have stayed in bed. I might have know'd a Miller was so stubborn they'd do just contrary to what they was told."

Uncle Henry retorted, "It's high time, Maria, you was getting over your peartness, for I am agoing to have my say about things in this house."

Uncle Henry did not recover from this exposure; the cold developed into phneumonia and he soon took to his bed from which he never arose. Aunt Maria tended him with tender and unremitting care, leaving him only to take a few moments of needed rest. His selfishness seemed to have vanished, and his eyes followed her with a new softness and an added expression of love, which his obstinate old age had never shown. Who knows but what he saw his crusty, selfish, obdurate life with a clearer vision in these last hours?

One night as she sat by his bedside, he suddenly opened his eyes and reaching out to take her hand said: "Maria, I kinder wish I had stayed in bed as you told me too."

"Oh, Pa," she answered between her sobs," you couldn't help it, 'twas kinder *natral* for the Millers to be that way."

He soon dropped into a peaceful, childlike slumber from which he never awoke.

The morning after the funeral, Carter, John and Jennie had gone to their respective homes because they "didn't want the cellar to freeze up," and they were "afraid the children wouldn't tend to the chores all right." Aunt Maria sat discon-

solately in the kitchen, with "Pa's" Bible on her lap reading the three chapters in the place where he had left his spectacles. Just then sister Emmeline came in, thinking that she would cheer Maria up a little.

declare, Maria," she said, "you look dreadful lonesome here all alone, and the old cat seems pretty uneasy too, but then, Pa's better off than in this world of sorrow and trouble. But my, wan't there lots of people to the funeral!" she added with evident pride.

"Yes," Aunt Maria replied slowly, as a tear stole down her wrinkled cheek and fell all unheeded into the snuff-box. "But if Pa could have only been alive to have eaten some of that fruit cake, Jonah's wife brought over yesterday! he was *allus* fond of fruit cake."

Sister Emmeline encouraged her to tell about his last sickness and the incidents of his fall, and all about the funeral. A funeral is a great source of comfort to many old people. Notwithstanding the loss connected with it, the meeting of old friends, the various reminiscences, "the talking over things," gives them great pleasure and comfort.

So she told, not for the first time, the various stages of his illness, but added a pathetic, regretful sob: "Emmeline, if I had only told Pa to *git* up and fodder the cattle that morning, he would have stayed in bed, and I did so want him to live until next April, for then he would have been ninety-two years old.'

Sister Emmeline as she walked down the street an hour later reflected, "Henry was a masterful man and pretty stubborn, but Maria will be dreadful lonesome without somebody to wait on."

Mary Kennedy Brown, Sp.

APRIL DAYS.

The spring blossoms fair o'er the landscape,
It smiles over valley and lea;
Each breeze bears a fragrance of roses,
And the leaves shimmer green on the tree.
In the meadows the new grass is springing,
'Mid the blossoms the children at play;
The bird-songs ring clear from the branches;
All nature is gay.

Afar in the depths of the forest
The ferns their soft verdure unfold;
The brooks gleam as bright in the sunshine
And the sky is as blue as of old.
The charm of the spring is as subtle,
And the thrill of new life is as plain,
But the hopes that once bloomed in the Maytime
Return not again.

The gladness that brightened the sunshine,
That made e'en the roses more sweet,
The high hopes too lofty for failure
And the courage that feared no defeat—
In the lapse of the years these have perished,
And we seek to revive them in vain;
The joy of old days has departed,
And comes not again.

And the friends who watched with us spring's coming,
Whose smile made the bright days more bright,
Who shared all our hopes and aspirings,
Have passed to the silence of night.
And the spring cannot cheer us without them,
The spell of its beauty has flown,
For our hopes and our friends have departed
And left us alone.

'94.

WOULDN'T I?

I would sing of love, of the passion deep
That thrills every human heart;
And drawing deep sighs, breathe the lovers' lament
When their lives are forced apart.

I would pine for my sweetheart and die of grief
Because of the lack of his smile;
And write Amoretti, and watery verse
To pass by an idle while.

I would sing of the things that are deeper yet;
Of life and death I would rhyme;
I would pierce the shades of philosophy,
And thus pass away my time.

Perhaps I would sing of heavier thoughts,
Of questions social and high,
Of slavery, Freedom, the use of man,
The sphere of all women and why.

All this would I do, but I do not,—because,
To begin with I have not the power
To put into words of strength my thought;
'Tis a talent not my dower.

Then too, of love I know nothing at all,
My ignorance I couldn't cover;
Of this feeling I cannot give my idea,
For I've never had a lover.

Of life I know nothing; I'm only eighteen,
A third of the three score and ten;

And as for philosophy, who knows less
Is the most unlearned of men.

On social question, I'm not informed;
I've never been in the world;
And as for Freedom, I've always lived
Under a flag unfurled

Of woman's sphere I will tell you more
When I'm older a year or two.
My list of desirables comes to its end—
Now what am I going to do?

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Sunday, Apr. 19, Rev. G. A. Gordon, of Boston, preached in the Chapel, taking his text from John 19: 25, "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene."

* * *

Saturday, Apr. 18, Mr. Edward Atkinson lectured in the Chapel on the "*Present Aspect of the Silver Question*." Mr. Atkinson put the questions: What is Coinage? Why not Free Coinage? Coinage was originally a private enterprise, and was assumed by government in order to prevent debasement of the coin by individuals. A coin is a product of manufacture, and is valuable only in proportion to the amount of gold or silver which it contains, and the value relation of these metals to other articles of commerce. After assuming the coinage of money, Government first debased the coin, and, secondly, made it legal tender. This law must have been born in fraud and nurtured in corruption. Honest money needs no force behind it. By overproduction silver money has been depreciated. Free coinage, backed by the legal tender law, forces the creditor to accept less than his due. Yet there are many honest advocates of free coinage, who believe that high prices are due to the scarcity of gold in the country, and that quantity, not quality, is desirable in money. The price of all products is based upon what their surplus will bring as exports, determined according to a gold standard. A depreciated currency means loss to the creditor, whether an individual or a nation. In order that free coinage should be just it is necessary to make gold the only standard by a modification of the legal tender law. In commercial transactions, where weights are estimated in pounds, the pound avoirdupois is understood to be meant, except for a particular class of articles, and payment according to an estimation of weight in Troy pounds, would be rightly considered dishonest. In the same way, by a dollar should always be understood the best or gold dollar; if the debased dollar is used this should enter into the agreement. With this understanding there is no objection to an unlimited free coinage.

* * *

The regular meeting of the Art Society was held Saturday, Apr. 18. After a report of the art news of the past three weeks by different members of the society, Prof. Denio read a paper of unusual interest on the "Pre-Raphaelite School in England." This school was founded about the middle of this century by Rossetti, Millais, and Hunt, who, though differing in disposition, recognized alike the purity and truth of conception of the Pre-Raphaelite Italian artists. In addition to the principles and history of the school, Miss Denio discussed the lives, characteristics and work, not only of the founders of the school, but also of Burne Jones. Miss Luther then read a pleasing paper on "Art in Every Day Life," in which she showed the incongruity and absurdity of many home decorations, and made a plea for more of the Greek simplicity. After a brief informal meeting, the society adjourned.

* * *

On Saturday evening, Apr. 18, a regular meeting of Phi Sigma was held in Society Hall, and the following program was presented:

I. Talk about Darwin, Miss Hazeltine.
II. Talk about Weismann, Miss Blood.
III. Darwin's Theory of Heredity, Miss Goddard.
IV. Weisman's Theory of Heredity, Miss Wrenn.
V. Informal discussion,—"Moral Acquired Characteristics are transmitted from Parent to Child."
VI. The Evolution of the Ear, Miss Parker.
VII. Musical Program,
Piano Solos, Miss Lum.
Vocal Solos, Miss Pullen.
VIII. Scientific News, Miss Ruddle.

* * *

On Saturday evening, April 18, Phi Sigma's scientific study was interrupted by mysterious explosive noises from across the Hall. Could it be that Elocution Hall had been converted into a laboratory and merry-voiced girls were solving the problems of modern science in this light-hearted wise? Scarcely as deep was the object of the Club of '95, but they were, however, making fun serve a good end. They were cultivating an accurate eye and steady arm by shooting at a pan with air guns. The target was large, the distance short, but when failures were shaking their self-confidence, Miss Beals brought courage back, for she made the marksmen realize that, although '95 was deficient in shooting power, they could still enjoy the

song and unravel the mystic mazes of the dance. And then '95 proved itself broad enough to satisfy not only the athletic and æsthetic natures, but to foster the physical as well, by a dainty repast. Then the contest of the guns was renewed, and as a reminder of her skill, the champion marksman wears a silver four-leaf clover, and as a second prize a memorandum book was awarded, in which to record the successes of its owner. '95's first social ended with a Wellesley cheer which was full and strong, and might have done credit to a veteran class.

* * *

A VERY enjoyable concert was given in the Chapel on Monday evening, April twentieth, by Miss Stowell and Miss Howe of our School of Music. Miss Stowell was enthusiastically received, and her playing of the familiar Schumann and Moszkowski numbers was especially appreciated. The Chopin sonata, including the beautiful funeral march, and the selections from D'Albert and Scharwenka were rendered in a truly artistic manner. Miss Howe was suffering from a cold so severe that it was feared she would be entirely unable to appear. Her rendition of such a program under exceedingly unfavorable conditions only served to exhibit more clearly than ever her wonderful control and flexibility of execution. The pleasure in the concert was greatly enhanced by the delightful accompaniments of Mr. Clayton Johns who made his first appearance before a Wellesley audience. Mr. John's charming compositions are always favorites, and his setting of Heine's "Du bist wie eine Blume" was a welcome addition to the program. The following is the program:

Chopin,	Sonata, in B flat minor, Opp. 35.
Mozart,	Recitativo Con Rondo, "Mia Speranza Adorata."
Schumann,	a. Aufschwung. b. Warum?
D'Albert,	Gavotte And Musette, from Suite Op. 1.
Marchesi,	La Folletta.
Dvorak,	"Als Die Alte Mutter."
Dvorak,	"Wird Doch Die Liebe?"
Johns,	"Du Bist Wie Eine Blume."
Chaminade,	L' été.
Moszkowski,	a. Etude. b Serenata.
Scharwenka,	Romanze, G minor.
Mendelssohn,	Zuleika.
Schumann,	Frühlingsnacht.
Mendelssohn,	Frühlingslied.

SINCE 1876 seven exploring expeditions have been sent out by Princeton to the western United States, in the interest of the natural sciences.

COLLEGE NOTES.

BULLETIN.

Monday evening, April 27.— Reading of Twelfth Night by Mr. J. J. Hawes, of Harvard University.

Friday afternoon, May 1.— Lecture by Prof. Hill. Subject: Music of the Greeks.

Friday evening, May 1.— Regular Meeting of Zeta Alpha.

Saturday afternoon, May 2.— Open Meeting of the Elocution Department in Elocution Hall.

Saturday evening, May 2.— Orchestral Concert in the Chapel.

Sunday morning, May 3.—Service in the Chapel led by Dean Huntington, of Boston University.

Monday evening, May 4.— Lecture on Palestine by Mr. T. F. Wright.

Mrs. H. B. Goodwin, honorary member of the class of '89, spent a day at the College last week.

Miss Katharine Quint, '89, spent last Sunday at Freeman, with Miss Baldwin, '91.

Miss Anna Bosworth, '90, spent last Saturday night at Norumbega, and was present at the regular meeting of Phi Sigma that evening.

The Art Society has received the following new members:—Fraülein Eggers, Miss Hurll, Miss Winegar, Miss Cattell, Miss Woodin, Miss Greenman and Miss Holmes, '92, Miss Hartwell, Miss Howe and Miss Moore, '93, Miss Sheldon, Sp.

Miss Elizabeth White, Miss Esther Pruden and Miss Mary Hill have resigned from the '93 crew, by the advice of their physicians.

The drawing for boats by the Freshmen crews took place this week. Always on previous years the number of crews has been far greater than the number of boats, and several crews have been obliged to disband. This year, however, only seven crews were formed, so only one of them was disappointed.

On Thursday evening, April 16, Dr. Phillips Brooks preached in the Chapel, from the text, John VI, 8 and 9: "One of His disciples, Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, saith unto him, 'There is a lad here which has five barley loaves and two small fishes; but what are they among so many?'"

Owing to the illness of Prof. Hill, his lecture of the seventeenth was omitted, and an additional lecture will be given on Friday afternoon, May first.

All the LEGENDA proof has arrived and will be returned in a few days. The LEGENDA will be out surely by May fifteenth—a month earlier than last year.

The disappearance of the board walks and the appearance of the flowers are sure signs of spring. The hepaticas, wind-flowers and violets have come, but lovers of them regret to see that they are growing more scattered than in former years, and in some places are nearly annihilated. It is easy to gather these without pulling up the roots, and it would certainly be sad if the College grounds should lose one of their chief attractions.

On Friday evening, April seventeenth, Zeta Alpha held a rather unusual social meeting. The plan was the Pan American Conference, and each member of the Society was supposed to represent a delegate from a South or Central American state, Mr. Blaine being in the chair. The speeches were very good, some of them biting and sarcastic, some heavy and deliberative. Many of the impromptu remarks were much to the point, and the meeting was a lively representation of what such a Congress might be.

A Christmas box is to be sent this year, as is the custom, to the school in Madura with which Miss Gertrude Chandler is connected. Small dolls, spools of thread, cakes of plain soap, square calico bags for pockets, bits of calico, Christmas cards, knives, pencils and children's picture books will all be welcome. The box is to be sent about the middle of May, and contributions for it may be left with Miss Lucia Clarke, at Simpson Cottage.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology Glee Mandolin and Banjo Club will give a concert in the Wellesley Town Hall on Friday evening, May 1. From the many favorable notices which the club has received in other places, there is reason to expect an excellent concert.

After Rev. Sheldon Jackson's talk about missionary work in Alaska, on Sunday evening, April 12, the opportunity for help, far-reaching and permanent, appealed to many. The Industrial Schools, established in Alaska,are doing a noble work in rescuing boys and girls from the savage cruelty of their devil-worship, in giving them a Christian education, and teaching them useful occupations. Unless, however, the young men and women who have grown up in these schools and now wish to marry, may have houses of their own, they must go back to the houses of their parents, where they are forced to join in the horrible rites and bloody practices which they know to be wrong, or run great risk of being killed by the priests. The men learn carpentering at the school, and can build their own houses and make their own furniture, if only the lumber is furnished them. $350 is enough to purchase, prepare, and ship to Alaska, lumber for one house. This sum is not given to the men but lent to them, and they pay it back by instalments of $70 a year, so that in five years there is money enough for another house. Eight houses have been built in Alaska in this way, and eight Christian homes form a nucleus from which a mighty influence spreads. Dana Hall pledged $150 towards this work on the afternoon Dr. Jackson spoke to them. If the College will add to this sum $200 a Wellesley house may be built—and a successive Wellesley house every five years. Bryn Mawr and Northfield have each given a house and it seems but fitting that Wellesley should do the same. Any sums, great or small, are asked, and Miss Laura Jones will receive the money or the pledges. If the $200 is raised before May 1, the house may be built this year.

The program of the Orchestral Concert, next Saturday evening, is superb. The leading orchestral numbers are: Von Weber's Overture to "Der Freischutz"; the Cavatina of Raff, played *unisono* by ten violins; the Unfinished Symphony of Schubert; two light orchestral numbers, Intermezzo by Délibes and Le Dernier Sommeil de la Vierge by Massenet; and, as a grand finale, the entire Suite, "Peer Gynt," by Grieg, consisting of four parts — Daybreak, Death of Aase, Anitra's Dance, the Imps chasing Peer Gynt. Among the solos is a Fantasie Caractéristique for Violoncello, played by Mr. Victor Herbert; and the famous Mad Scene from Lucia, sung by Miss Rose Stewart, with flute obligato and orchestral accompaniment. The quality of the concert may be easily judged by these numbers.

The time of the five o'clock meeting on Sunday afternoon, April 19, was occupied by the reports of the two delegates, sent by the Christian Association to the first State Conference of the Y's, held at North Weymouth, Mass., March 31, and April 1. Miss Brackett described the work of the different departments. The Kitchen Gardens, which teach housework by kindergarten methods, are a valuable aid in training girls in cities and large towns, to be, not only competent and self-respecting servants, but real "home-keepers." The Loyal Temperance Legions and the Demorest Medal Contests reach the children, the latter interesting not only those who recite the fine bits of temperance literature but the friends who could not be coaxed to a temperance lecture. Miss Emerson reported the addresses. Mr. Dunnach, an honorary member of the Charlestown Y, spoke on "Superfluous Men." Miss E. M. Fessenden reported the National Convention at Atlanta in her speech, "From the Sea to Atlanta." Mrs. Fessenden presented the "National Prohibitory Amendment" and "Franchise," urging that since the ossified prejudices which barred her progress are overcome, woman should accept whatever responsibilities come to her. Mrs. McLaughlin said that the great trouble is, not ignorance, but the lack of operative conviction. The great forces in manufacturing public opinion are the power of a pure example, the courageous, tactful witness for the truth, and the recognition of God in the movement.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

A CONCERT for the benefit of the Norumbega Fund was given in Worcester, Friday evening, April 10th. Miss Constantine, Miss Estabrook, Mrs. Edward P. Sumner, and Mrs. F. W. Blair constituted the committee under whose management the concert was given. The entertainment is spoken of in Worcester papers as being of the first importance in the musical annals of the season. The performers were Mr. Franz Kneisel, of the Symphony Orchestra in Boston, Miss Mary Tucker, an accomplished pianist of Worcester, and Master Eddie Baker, the remarkable boy soprano of the Church of the Heavenly Rest in New York. The concert seems to have been a brilliant success from a musical standpoint, and we hope that the same may be said of it financially.

A NOVEL charitable scheme has recently been started by one of the alumnæ, Mrs. Alice Upton Pearman, '83. Mr. and Mrs. Pearman, desiring to help the poor to secure food which shall be at the same time cheap and nourishing, have opened a soup kitchen in Chelsea. At this kitchen, soups of all kinds are made, the more expensive varieties being sold to those who can afford to pay for them, and in this way sufficient money raised so that the poor are provided at very low rates. The plan promises to be very successfnl and helpful.

BORN.

AT Eau Claire, Wis., March 26, a daughter, Sara Bailey, to Mrs. Mary Marston Walmsley, teacher at Wellesley '77-'80.

MARRIED.

PARTRIDGE–FISHER—At Elmira, N. Y., on Wednesday, Feb. 25, at the residence of the bride's parents, Vieva, daughter of Henry Morton Partridge, of Elmira, N. Y., to Joel Ellis Fisher, of New York.

DIED.

AT Elgin, Ill., April 4, Rev. Freeman E. Morgan, brother of Miss Effa Morgan, '85, and Mrs. Jessie Morgan Eakin, '89.

The Post Office addresses of the following persons are wanted for the Record Association. Will all those who know these addresses please send them at their earliest possible convenience to MISS LAURA JONES, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Rowan, Sarah H, '75
Rowe, Sarah B. '80
Rowe, Sarah B. '82
Royce, Betsey E. '75
Ruggles, Etta M. '78
Russell, Martha B. '80
Saunderson, Lillie, '75
Saunders, Annie O. '80
Sawyer, Julia Aarabel, '79
Sayles, Isabel Livingstone, '79
Scandlin, Fannie Maria, '76
Schwieterung, Anna, '83
Searles, Rena, '81
Sewell, Lina, '75
Sharpe, Hattie, '80
Sheldon, Sara D. '80
Shepard, Mary L. '80
Sherman, Ethel P. '80
Sherman, Fidelia N. 78
Sherwood, Eleanor, '80
Shields, Margaret Jeanette, '76
Shockley, Maria Alden, '78
Shnrtleff, Mary Dwight, '75
Silliman, Catharine Adele, '75
Simmonds, Ethel, '77
Simmons, Clara Bell, '76
Simmons, Florence Elizabeth, '75
Simpson, Virginia, '82
Sites, Anna Belle, '79
Skelding, Madge, '76
Smith, Adaline E. '81
Smith, Alice D. '77
Smith, Annie H. '75
Smith, Bertha, '82
Smith, Dora Isabel, '78
Smith, Edith L. '79
Smith, Ella Maria, '76
Smith, Emilie J. '75
Smith, Frances A. '77
Smith, Gertrude Cecelia, '81
Smith, Jennie B. '80
Smith, Lizsie Roberts, '81
Smith, Mary Taylor, '77
Smith, Sophy MaGregor, '81
Spalding, Abbey Kingsley, '79
Spalding, Mattie, '82
Spaulding, Alice, '78
Spiller, Rubie, '82
Spooner, Angie, '80
Spooner Nettie, '82
Sprague, Annie A. '75
Stanton, Anua, '82
Staples, Gertrude, '82
Starr, Ellen Prouty, '76
Starr, Elsie Lowell, '76
Stearns, Annie Beacher, '75
Stearns, Louise Amelia, '75
Stedman, Nellie W. '78
Sterling, Susan A. '80
Stevens, Ada B. '82
Stevens, Mabel, '79
Stevens, Mabel, '80
Stewart, Charlotte Evangeline, '76
Stewart, Helen Augusta, '76
Stipp, Lucretia L. '82
St. John, Julia Maria, '78
Stoddard, Carrie E. '82
Stone, Helen Maria, '79
Stover, Carrie Lincoln, '81
Straw, Mary Helen, '75
Strickler, Jennie Mary, '75
Strong, Katie J. '77
Stump, Mary, '82
Sturgis, Mary P. '80

Sudduth, Laura, '81
Swan, Hattie Maria, '77
Swasey, Sarah Jessie, '75
Sweatland, Mabel, '82
Sweet, Anuie Rebecca, '75
Taylor, Mary Louise, '82
Thaxter, Emma E. '81
Thayer, Lillie F. '80
Thayer, Maude E. '81
Thayer, Minnie, '82
Thomas, Ada, '76
Thompson, Etta F. '80
Thompson, Mary, '82
Thornburn, Jennie de R. '82
Tiffiny, Maria, '82
Tildon, Rose, '82
Tolcott, '77
Tomlinson, Helen B. '77
Toothaker, Susie P. '82
Tourjee, Lizzie S. '77
Tower, Angeline, '76
Tower, Catharine L. '81
Tower, Fannie E. '81
Townsend, Annie Rose, '76
Townsend, Mary Isabel, '75
Tracey, Mary Baldwin, '78
Treadway, Frances Lucretia, '81
Trommer, Christine, '82
Trumbull, Julia, '83
Tutherly, Mary Elisabeth, '76
Tuttle, Mary Gardner, '78
Tyler, Emma, '82
Tyler, Mary Abbie, '79
Underwood, M. '82
Upham, '81
Valentine, Amelia, '80
Vance, Sarah, '76
Van Doran, Edith G, '82
Van Eman, Belle, '82
Van Mateo, Fanny L. '80
Very, Sarah Crowingshield, '75
Waite, Mary Anna, '78
Waldo, Jennie E. '82
Walker, Lucy Hitchcock, '76
Walker, Mary Ingalls, '76
Waller, Elizabeth Y. '76
Walsh, Adelia A. '83
Watkins, Pattie Burton, '81
Wausettu, Eva H. '78
Way, Mary Jane, '76
Wayte, Caroline I. '88
Weare, Martha Parkhurst, '76
Weaver, Catharine L. '80
Webster, Adelaide R. '78
Webster, Emily R. '80
Weeks, Grace Almira, '76
Weeks, Nellie, '82
Weir, Annie, '82
Welch, Mary E, '75
Wellington, Mary Addie, '76
Wellington, Mary J. '82
Wells, Ellen Florence, '75
Wesson, Elizabeth, '75
West, Olive Driggs, '81
Wharton, Ellen Patten, '76
Wheaton, Mabel, '82
Whedon, Ella Lucinda, '76
Wheeler, Cornelia Cynthia, '79
Wheeler, Unia Jane, '79
Whitcomb, Avanette May, '75
White Annie H. '75
White, Clara M. '81
White, Helen M. '80
Whitmarsh, Florence, '77
Whitney, Mary M. '77
Whitney, Emma, '83
Whittemore, Marcia, '80
Whittemore, Mabel Theodora, '76
Wiggin, Atta May, '76
Wilbor' Addie, '82
Wilcox, Florence, '77
Wilder, Gertrude, '80
Wiles, Mary Etola, '76
Wiley, Mabel, '81
Wilkins, Mattie, '82
Willard, Harriet Jane, '80
Williams, Helen Dunham, '79
Willlams, Myrtie, '78
Wilson, Annie Laurie, '79
Wilson, Kate Chapman, '81
Wilson, Lillian Edith, '76
Wilson, Lizzie Lucinda, '76
Wing, Emily, '77
Wing, Mary, '78
Winkley, Lizzie Wingate, '78
Wise, Ella B. '78
Wiswall' Charlotte Richards, '75
Wolcott, Mary Matoon, '81
Wolph, Bucephalia, '82
Wood, Abbie Pamelia, '77
Woodbury, Lizzie Olive, '81
Woodruff, Mary R. '80
Woods, Clara Frances, '78
Wright, Anne B. '81
Wright, Jennie Estelle, '79
Wright, Marion Musgrave, '79
Wright, Mary Elizabeth, '76
Wyman, Minnie, '83
Yeaw, Mary Vinal, '79
Young, Mary Lucretia, '81
Miss Ella E. Ames
" Minnie R. Atkinson
" Lizzie E. Barrett
" Lavina F. Barrows
" Fanny H. Berry
" Annie S. Brackett
" Mary C. Brown
" Ella M. Carl
" Caroline R. Chamberlain
Mrs. Isabelle C. Chase (Clark)
Miss Jennie M. Coburn
Mrs. Mary Coburn (Richardson)
Miss Edith L. Cole
" Anna R. Danforth
" Mary H. Danforth
" Helen E. Ferguson
" Helen M. Gray
" Helen C. Hall
" Laura G. Hatch
" Mana E. Herrick
" Jessie A. Hollinger
" Julia G. Lain
" Emma I. Leavitt
" Eva Loomis
" Marietta R. Mann
" Alice Mills

" Sarah E. Moore
" Lillian Munger
" Ella B. Read
" Laluzine A. Reed
" Annie A. Rockwood
" Elizabeth Rockwood
" Martha Rogers
" Margaretta Rose
" Angie Spooner
" Louise A. Stearns
" Mary E. Stone
" Myra E. Tower
" Annie R. Townsend
" Mary B. Tracy
" Alice E. Wakefield
" Jennie B. Wallace
" Eva H. Wausetter
" Ellen F. Wells
" Frances Wood

OUR EXCHANGES.

Two To One.

We played at cards in early fall.
The trump was hearts. She held them all.
We played at cards.
She won.

We played at love one day in June,
One long-remembered afternoon.
We played at love.
I won.

He played at church—the organist—
A bride was rapturously kissed.
He played at church.
We're one.

The Trinity Tablet.

Retrospection.

But yesterday, the woods and trees
Were clothed in Nature's garments green;
The south wind murmured through the leaves
And Summer reigned, a gentle queen.

And then the Autumn's kindly touch,
The sombre green in beauty drest;
In richest red, and colors such
As dying suns paint in the west.

Now, Summer's joys are gone and past,
And Autumn's glories have grown dim.
For through the leafless trees, the blast
Is chanting Winter's funeral hymn.

Ah me! How fast the seasons move
(As I have finely written)
Two weeks ago I stole her glove—
But now—I have her mitten.

—*Yale Record.*

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

Fourteen women graduated from the University of New York Law School April 10.

The roof of the new Yale gymnasium is to be entirely of glass. It will be the second largest roof of the kind in the country.—*Ex*

The alumnæ of Vassar College are endeavoring to raise $40,000 with which to endow a professorship of astronomy.

The total receipts realized from the play of Antigone at Yale amounted to $5,000 of which sum about $2,000 will be net profit.

Professor Edmund J. James, of the University of Pennsylvania, has been elected President of the American Society for the extension of University teaching.

The convention of the National Educational Association for 1891 is to be held at Toronto, Canada, from the 14th to 17th of June. About 15,000 of those prominent in educational matters, from all parts of the United States and Canada, are expected to attend.

Of the 345 colleges and universities reporting to the National Bureau of Education at Washington, 204 are coëducational. The same thing may be said of 38 out of 48 schools of science endowed by national land grant. Women at present constitute 55 per cent. of the undergraduates in this country.—*Ex.*

David Star Jordan, President of the Indiana State University, has accepted the presidency of the Stanford University, at Palo Alto, Cal This means the loss to Indiana of her most distinguished educator. The salary attached to Mr. Jordan's new position is $10,000 with a residence. The University over which he is to preside will start, says Senator Sanford, with the kindergarten, and end with post-graduates from the highest course possible.

WABAN RIPPLES.

Characteristic.

Brilliant Freshman: (about to knock on a Senior's door and suddenly stopped by a placard)—"Out, how aggravating!"

Surprised Companion: "Why no, it only says 'Engaged.'"

Brilliant Freshman: "But this announces the engagement so it must be 'out.'"

The Typical College Girl.

Ere I came to Wellesley town,
Ere I knew its wide renown,
I various notes took down
Of the typical college girl.

I thought she'd wear a shortened dress,
I thought she liked eye-glasses best;
I thought her hats looked like distress.
This typical college girl's.—

I quite forgot that lengthened dress
Would in much climbing cause distress,
That sense and comfort combined were best
To this typical college girl.

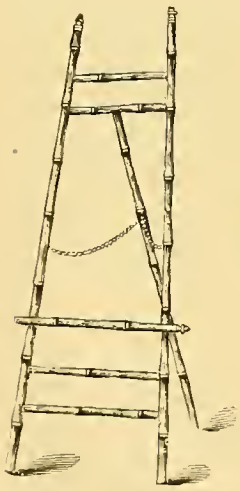
And until I'd tried myself,
I didn't think glasses were always for health,
Nor that they were searchers for best kind of wealth
To this typical college girl.

I didn't remember that she would have thought
More for what into her head she brought,
Than how on it crowed a group of what-not—
This typical college girl.

Then those foolish, childish expectations
About banjos, songs, queer exclamations
Have fled before realizations
Of the strength of this college girl.

Now 'tis my aim to live as I will,
Grinding out in the college-girl mill,
"Endurance, foresight, strength and skill"
That stamp the college girl.

'94.



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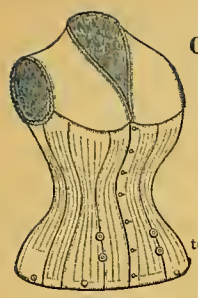

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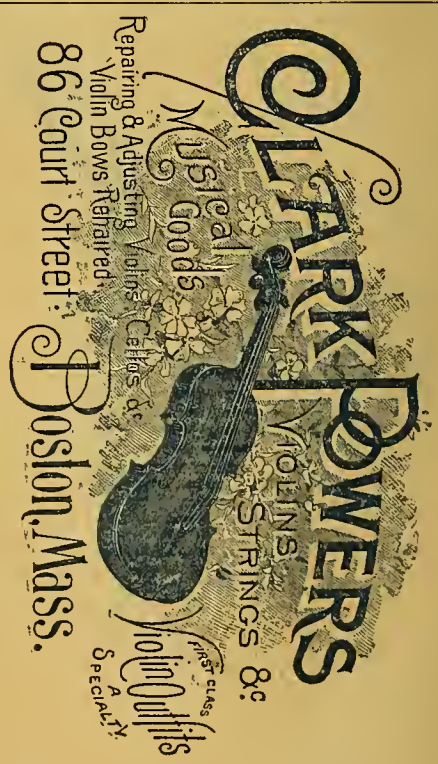

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